

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 276.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.]

## QUITE ALONE.

BOOK THE SECOND: WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XLII. LILY IS SEIZED.

LILY was in haste now to leave those Elysian Fields, which had exercised so strange a fascination over her. She was haunted by the eyes of that painted woman. She wandered about for full an hour she knew not whither; dazed by the coloured lamps, the crowds, the shouts, the braying of bands; the hoarse rhetoric of the mountebanks, the roaring of the cannon, which were to usher in the fireworks. She sought vainly for an outlet from the saturnalia; but the crowd compassed her about, and hemmed her in, and on its remotest borders there seemed to be more shows and more crowds.

She was almost in despair when, thinking to gain the Place de la Concorde, and in view, even, of the great obelisk, which from base to apex was one blaze of light, she found herself wedged in a mass of sight-seers who were gathered round the carriage of a quack doctor. Lily had never seen the *Elisir d'Amore*, but there, as large as life was Doctor Dulcamara. He had deviated a little from the costume on which the late admirable Lablache conferred well-merited fame, inasmuch as over his well-powdered periwig he wore a Roman helmet of brass, with a tremendous plume of crimson horsehair; but the scarlet coat, the frills, the ruffles, the top-boots, the buckskin, the watch and pendulous seals, the snuff-box, the signet-ring, and the gold-headed cane, all belonged to the opera. He was an impudent vagabond, at best; but had the flow of flashy verbiage common to his tribe, and scores of hands were speedily extended from the crowd beneath him, holding francs and half francs to be exchanged for the worthless nostrums he extolled so highly.

His *calèche*, and the white horse that drew it, to boot, were quite a bower of Chinese lanterns; and in the rumble sat his servant, who was attired as a drum-major in the Imperial Guard, whose business it was to be the butt of his master's jokes, and grind the barrel-organ when Dulcamara was out of breath. The under quack was a fellow of cadaverous traits and discontented mien, and appeared heartily ashamed of his position. He had reason to be. He was

the real doctor. His diploma and license to practise were duly certified by the Faculty of Paris, and without them Dulcamara would have been hauled to prison as a swindler: but the genuine physician being poor and idle, and dissolute and drunken, the quack was content to pay him so much a year to use his diploma; and he filled up his leisure time by grinding the barrel-organ. "On demande un médecin pour voyager." Have you never seen that advertisement in *Les Petites Affiches*? It means that Dulcamara the quack is in want of an organ-grinder with a diploma.

"Approach, my children," the mountebank was bawling. "Approach, lose no time. I have but a few moments to bestow upon you. I am wanted elsewhere. Kings and princesses sigh for my presence. Spanish hidalgos, who have eaten too much *olla podrida*—English milords, agonised by the spleen—refuse to be comforted without me. Grand Biribi—(this to the melancholy man with the diploma)—strike up the *chanson à boire* from Robert le Diable. After that we shall have something to say about the Imperial Soporific and Atomic Tincture of Honolulu."

An hour ago, in her recklessness, Lily might have been for a moment detained by the loquacity of this bombastic humbug. But it was too late now. The awful consciousness of her miserable position had come upon her; and some inward voice kept thundering in her ears that she was in danger—from she knew not what; and that she must fly—she knew not where.

Exerting more strength than she had imagined she possessed, she contrived, at last, to disengage herself from the throng, and to reach a space which was less encumbered. She leant up against a tree, sick and faint. Her poor eyes were blinded with tears. Her strength had broken down. Her enterprise seemed to her, now, impossible of accomplishment. That dreadful fever was racking her head again. Heaven be merciful to her—what had she done, and what was she to do?

"Pretty little demoiselle, you seem ill," a voice behind her said.

She had heard the voice before. It was that of the man who had declared that all weapons and umbrellas must be left at the door. She turned her head, trembling, and saw the Italian waxwork showman.

"Aha! you recognise me, then?" continued Signor Ventimillioni. "Do you know that I have been looking for you this half-hour?"

"I do not know you," faltered Lily. "Good night!"

"Not so fast, *picciolina mia*. We are not to part in such a hurry." And the Italian laid his hand on Lily's arm.

"Let me go! let me go!" cried the terrified girl. "Let me go home."

"Precisely, that is where I am going to take you. There is a lady at home who is expecting you most anxiously. You have kept her waiting a very long time. Whole years. Home indeed. Aha! you little runaway!"

He tightened his grasp. He passed the other hand round her waist. Lily tried to scream, when, suddenly some loose garment was thrown over her head, and another pair of hands were clasped over her mouth.

"Enough of this trifling," grumbled very hoarsely a man who had been lurking a few paces behind the Italian during his parley with Lily. "Come, my *Phidias* of the painting-room, bring the young toad along, or some *sergent de ville* will be passing by."

"Don't smother her, *Demosthène*," remonstrated the Italian. "Take the cloak off her head, and your hands off her mouth, and let us try to make her listen to reason. *Des convenances*, *mon garçon*; *n'oublions jamais les convenances*."

The second man did, sulkily, as he was bid, but he planted his great hands on Lily's shoulders, and kept them there. The girl was too terrified to speak; but palpitated in the grasp of the two ruffians like a captured bird.

"Listen to me, *mamie*," went on the Italian, putting his face so close to Lily that she could feel his beard upon her cheek; "you are coming home with us. You are our prisoner, if you like that *tournure de phrase* better. Come quietly, and no harm will be done you; but dare to call for assistance, and I will put this pretty little bodkin into you."

He drew, as quick as lightning, a long knife that glittered in the lamplight. Lily saw that she was lost. She could hear the distant hum of the crowd, and the clanging of the music; but the spot was solitary, and she was beyond all human help.

"Will you be quiet, then?" the Italian asked, half caressingly, half threateningly.

Lily murmured a faint affirmative.

"That's right. Now, *Demosthène*, let us take her between us. Don't forget that little bright bodkin of mine, little one."

The two strong men hooked their arms in those of the girl, and led her rapidly away. They plunged into an alley between the trees, and which seemed entirely deserted. But as though in mockery at her utter wretchedness and state of bondage, she saw gleaming from behind the tufted trees the first sparkle of the fireworks, those fireworks which were to culminate

in a resplendent bouquet, in which Liberty was to have her annual apotheosis, and the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of July to be made glorious for ever.

They were now walking by the water-side. That it was the Seine Lily knew, for she could see the lamps on the Pont Louis Seize, and the Chamber of Deputies flaring with lampions. They stopped before a mean wooden building, having seemingly but one window, through whose dirty panes a light feebly glimmered.

The Italian pushed at the door, which gave way, and they passed in. There was a narrow passage, and by the light of a swinging cresset Lily could see a woman who was rushing towards her—a woman huddled in an old plaid shawl, whose hair was dishevelled, and whose face was painted. It was the Wild Woman of the Elysian Fields.

#### CHAPTER XLIII. THE SULTAN IN LONDON.

WHAT is a year? Psha! what are ten? When you are young, a year seems a very long time. That last month before you are twenty-one, or before you leave school, or get your commission, or pass your examination for the civil service, the month it takes for your moustaches to grow, how it lags, how it loiters, how every moment seems to have its feet clogged by leaden weights! Do our best as we may to squander the days in recklessness and prodigality, what a weary time elapses before we are thirty years of age, and fogies cease to tell us that, as young men, we should defer to the opinion of our elders. Never was there, perhaps, a sane woman of twenty-nine who passed herself off as thirty-one; but how often does a young middle-aged man slyly add on a year or two? But hey! when the mezzo cammen is reached, how swiftly the years fly! We lose count. Sixty-two melts into sixty-three, and that into sixty-four, without our special notice. Things pass as in a dream. The day before yesterday, why, it was eighteen months ago. Our newly-formed acquaintance, why we have known him these eight years. The far-off goal of grey hairs, and toothlessness, and the tomb, why we are close upon it. It was a tedious pull to Tattenham Corner; it is a lightning rush to the judge's stand, even if we come in with the ruck.

A year had passed since the events previously narrated. Madame de Kergolay was dead. She passed away very peacefully, leaving the bulk of that which she possessed to her beloved grand-nephew, Edgar Greyfaunt. It was not much, but it was a capital to be turned into ready money, and that was all the young man wanted. It is due to the memory of the good old lady in Paris to state that she freely forgave poor little Lily before her death. Her ire, indeed, against the girl had lasted but a very short time. She had been shocked and pained by her disappearance, and had made every effort to gain tidings of her, but in vain. By degrees the vengeful pride which had led her to crush

Lily with cruel words, because she had dared to love the sultan, her grand-nephew, gave way to her natural kindness and softness of heart. She wept and bewailed the fugitive. She would have sacrificed much to recover her. She acknowledged that Lily's love had been blameless. But she was gone, and would return no more.

The abbé, as in duty bound, informed Made-moiselle Marcassin of Lily's flight, and of the unavailing steps that had been taken to discover her hiding-place.

The Marcassin did not take the intelligence much to heart.

"I expected it," she remarked, coldly. "I, who am the greatest sufferer by the absconding of this vaurienne, would not spend three francs ten sous in an advertisement in the *Petites Affiches* to get her back. There are cats and cockatoos whom one is glad to lose, Monsieur l'Abbé. You and your Madame de Kergolay were entichés de cette petite friponne. Now she has robbed you as she robbed me, and has doubtless fled to join the swindler, her mother, with whom for years she has probably been in secret correspondence. Ah, ces Anglaises, ces Anglaises! c'est de la perfidie à en croire à la fin du monde. You had much better, instead of petting and spoiling her, have put her into a *Maison de Discipline*, where she would have been fed on bread and water, and whipped twice a week. The *Sœurs Grises* have an excellent institution at Auteuil. You say that she did not take her clothes with her. Has your noble duenna counted her spoons since the flight of her darling?"

"I don't think the poor little child is dishonest," the abbé urged, in mild deprecation. He was a good man, after all, and much troubled in his mind about Lily.

"Bah!" sneered the inflexible Marcassin. "You take the whole world to be inhabited by candidates for the Prize of Virtue. Une fameuse Rosière elle ferait celle-là! The trumpy little thing was innately and incorrigibly bad. Mauvaise herbe, I tell you, Monsieur l'Abbé mauvaise herbe."

And Madame de Kergolay died. To her two faithful servants she left a small but adequate provision, much to the distaste of Edgar; but of the rest he was sole legatee. *Vieux Sablons* and *Prudence* faded away almost as quietly as their mistress from the stage. The old man did not survive madame many months. He expressed, before he died, his wish to be buried in *Père la Chaise*, in the same grave with his beloved mistress, but crosswise, at her feet, as became an ancient and faithful but humble servitor. The abbé did his best to have his wish fulfilled; but there were difficulties in the way: the administration was not propitious, and *Vieux Sablons* had to be buried as many millions of his forerunners had been buried before him. It did not so much matter, perhaps. He was bound, let us hope, to a country where there is but One Master, in whose eyes superiors and servitors are alike.

Edgar Greyfaunt, after passing a decent period in retirement at Aix-les-Bains—his great-aunt had died towards the close of the summer—where his exceedingly fashionable mourning, his jet studs and wrist-buttons, and the coal-black steed he rode, were deservedly admired, came back to Paris, settled accounts with Madame de Kergolay's notary—whom he accused, at many stages of their business transactions, of robbing him, and who did him the honour to remark, as he handed him the last packet of thousand-franc notes accruing from the dead lady's succession, that with a more heartless young man he had never come in contact—and called in an upholsterer from the Rue St. Louis, to whom, after a parley of ten minutes, he sold en bloc the entire furniture and fittings of his relative's apartments in the *Marais*: tapestry, china, pictures and all. "I do not want this rococo stuff," he said, candidly. "I was in England not many months since, and am returning there; and if I require brics-à-bracs I can get as many as I need in Wardour-street at cheaper rates than here."

The upholsterer handed three thousand francs to the Sultan Greyfaunt, and sent a couple of vans to carry away all the poor old lady's penates, which were worth six thousand at least. Big men in blouses dragged the faded Cupids, and shepherdesses, and bewigged gentlemen with the cross of St. Louis, down stairs. *Gentil Bernard* lay for a time in the gutter, and *Babet la Bouquetière* was calmly contemplated by a chiffonnier. A part of the furniture went very soon to decorate the rooms of a lorette, in the Rue Taitbout. When she had quarrelled with the English milord, through her over-weening partiality for the Brazilian coffee-planter, who turned out to be a swindler from Hamburg, she had a lavage, or sale of her knick-knacks, and some of Madame de Kergolay's penates were sold to the Jews, and some were bought by painters to increase the "properties" of their studios withal. Then in process of time they got burnt, or broken up, or pawned and sold and pawned again, or exported to America or Australia. Which is the way of the world, and not at all uncommon.

But the first van-load of goods had scarcely left the house of the deceased before Edgar Greyfaunt was snugly ensconced in the coupé of the diligence on his way to Calais. He began to think his mourning very hot and shabby looking. He must have an entirely new wardrobe when he reached London. Those French tailors did not know how to fit an English gentleman. *Willis or Nugee* should be honoured with his patronage. He was about to assume his proper position in society. He was destined to shine there, that was certain. He had an ancient name, a handsome presence, and a fortune. Yes, quite a fortune. In a letter of credit on a London banking firm he was entitled to draw for no less a sum than five thousand pounds sterling. That was his entire capital—a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. It sounded magnificent. Reduced to English sterling, it

had not quite so sonorous a ring, but still with a great deal of spending in it. In his whole life the sultan had never grasped so much money. His treasure seemed to him inexhaustible. He would live largely, luxuriously he thought, but then he would be adding to his capital. Was there not the turf; might not he, a young gentleman of fashion and fortune, make a figure there, and win thousands by betting? How much would it cost to have a stud of race-horses? And play! there was play. Hitherto, certainly, he had but rarely had a run of luck; but Fortune favours the bold, and he would have no need to distress himself about the loss of a few paltry hundreds of francs. And, if the worst came to the worst, was he not an artist? Had he not a commanding genius? Most commanding. Certainly, at no very distant date the portals of the English Royal Academy must open for his admission. But there would be plenty of time to take up with painting again. It was the last resource. To tell truth, he felt slightly ashamed of the easel and maulstick, now that he was an independent gentleman, with his pocket full of money. After all, it was but a base mechanical employment this painting. How villanously the turpentine and megelp smelt. How difficult it was to find subjects; what a bore it was to have to make sketches. And those troublesome models—they cost ever so much money, and the colour merchant was always dunning for his bill. Those envious ill-conditioned fellows the critics, too, who made impertinent observations in print for which, if they got their deserts, they should be caned, and who drew no distinction between a picture painted by the son of a cobbler and one that was the work of a descendant of the barons of old.

Of course Edgar put up at the Ship when he lauded at Dover—the Lord Warden not being then built—and although he had the largest suite of apartments next to a Russian grand-duke who had crossed with him, the Ship was several sizes too small for the Sultan Greyfaunt. He would have posted to London had not the railway just been opened. He could never have endured a vulgar stage-coach.

He had plenty of friends, and some few distant connexions in London. It was known that he was Madame de Kergolay's heir. Nobody knew much about the old lady's circumstances, nor did the sultan feel called upon to enlighten society with any particularity. It was noised abroad that he had inherited a large fortune; nor did he take any special pains to contradict the rumour. If people chose to deceive themselves, why should they not be deceived? A convenient train of reasoning, which has been pursued in all countries, these five thousand years about.

So where, when the sultan arrived in the British metropolis, should his highness alight but at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand-street, Grosvenor-square? He drove there straight from the terminus, and was received with much distinction. One had need be a distinguished

foreigner to be welcomed in Great Grand-street. As a rule, Pomeroy (represented by a sharp Swiss named Jean Baptiste Constant, the successor to the original proprietor; he having retired on a fortune) only took in princes; and, equally as a rule, princes, when they came to town, were taken by their couriers to Pomeroy's. Mr. J. B. Constant (he was never called Monsieur now, and was supposed to be a naturalised British subject, and a staunch Protestant, the which did not prevent his entertaining the Sheikh of the Soudan, who was a Mussulman, and the Abbeokuta Envoy, who was black and a pagan, and was with difficulty persuaded from celebrating his "grand custom" over a footbath full of blood in the back drawing-room; besides any stray Romanist or Russo-Greek grandees who came that way)—Mr. J. B. Constant owed much of the success which he had hitherto enjoyed to his extended connexion among the useful class of travelling servants known as couriers, who, when out of an engagement, or off duty, were always sure of a hearty reception, a good cigar, and a glass of curaçao, or other comforting stimulant in Pomeroy's still-room. The recommendations of an experienced member of the courier profession, one Franz Stimm had been especially useful to Mr. Constant, and he was grateful to him accordingly.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt de Kergolay was therefore, as was only due to so high and mighty a prince, made much of at this patrician hostelry. On his cards he called himself Greyfaunt de Kergolay; and his name was surmounted by a neatly engraved and prettily spiked coronet. During the lifetime of his great-aunt, and in Paris, he had affected a disdain for his foreign lineage, and would own no blue blood but that of the Greyfaunts of Lancashire; but now that she was dead, and he had got her money, he thought there was no harm in hinting that he was the representative of a noble house from beyond the sea. Perhaps he found the Greyfaunts of Lancashire, like many other country families as noble, somewhat at a discount in London society, which, following the usual fashion, interested itself with what was passing on the extreme horizon in preference to that which was going on beneath its very nose. At all events, the lofty Edgar, when he was addressed as Viscount, did not resent the error with any great acrimony. His old companions called him Greyfaunt; but many newly-found ones in cosmopolitan and diplomatic circles, spoke to him and asked him to dinner as De Kergolay. Under that title he was entered in Mr. J. B. Constant's books; and as De Kergolay he was inscribed, much more legibly, and, indeed, indelibly, in Mr. J. B. Constant's mind.

Thus, and in despite of his English face and tongue, being accounted that which imperfectly educated persons are apt to term a "foreign swell," Edgar—you may call him, and I will call him by either of his surnames indifferently—was naturally introduced to the Pilgrims' Club in Park-lane, at which, as everybody



knows, or ought to know, the ambassadors, the secretaries of legation, and the attachés accredited to the court of St. James's, mingle on a charmingly social footing with sundry illustrious Englishmen, whose qualifications as Pilgrims must be simply these: to have travelled ten thousand miles in a straight direction, and in a given line from the North Pole; to be faultless hands at *écarté*, *piquet*, and short whist, and to belong to the cream of the cream of English society, both by wealth, by birth, and by position.

There are always a good many candidates up at the Pilgrims' Club—where gentlemen's names are put down when they are infants in arms, with a view to their entering the club at their grand climacteric;—but as failures in one of the three grand and essential requisites are sometimes unavoidable, the rejection of candidates at the Pilgrims' Club (which is, I think, near the Piccadilly end of Park-lane) is not by any means of rare occurrence. Indeed, they say there is more blackballing at the P. (the affectionate diminutive of Pilgrim) than at any other club in London: always excepting the Ostrich in Sandys-street, Deseret-square. There, you know, they pilled Sir Eurasius Quihi for his loose notions on the subject of suttee, and all but ostracised brave old Admiral Sindbad, because he was known to maintain that curry was better without chutnee than with it. For distinctions must be made, it is plain, to keep society select—which would otherwise degenerate into a mere anarchical Odd Fellows' gathering of the most ungentle description: and it is a good and holy thing to be exclusive. Thus, as you see, the Pilgrims had secured the very cream of the cream in their English membership.

Well, and the foreigners. One must make allowances for foreigners, of course. If Baron Burstoff, Minister Plenipotentiary from Crim Tartary, had formerly been simply a Hebrew money-changer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (the letters we used to have from him about the Imperial High Dutch lottery, and urging us forthwith to invest in that swindle, and win a castle on the Rhine, the title of Count, and the entire library of the late lamented Puffendorff!); if old Professor Stradivarius from Jena, the distinguished philologist and translator of the poems of Saadi into the *Zummerzethzire* dialect, and the Post-Office London Directory of eighteen hundred and forty-two into *Syro-Chaldaic*, was the son of a tripe-dealer at Magdeburg, and had, in early life followed the humble trade of a tailor; and if that famous traveller, Marcus Rolopolus, Ph.D., R.G.S., &c. &c., had been assistant-keeper of a wild beast show (travelling, and occasionally varied by the beefeater business outside), a dealer in stuffed birds in the vicinity of Goodman's-fields, and the proprietor of a sailors' boarding-house at Gibraltar, before he discovered the site of the lost city of Alesia, brought back the original pleadings of the *Aberdrites* in the great lawsuit of the ass's shadow, and made it manifest to the entire world

that the wild Wangdoodlums do *not* eat human flesh when roast hippopotamus is procurable; and that they *do* knock out their front teeth to be the better able to whistle their native airs—if the savants and the illustrious strangers who were made free of the P., and nearly threw the waiters into fits by spitting on the carpet of the morning-room, were sometimes of mean extraction, and occasionally of coarse manners, and now and then humbugs, the great principle of exclusiveness was at least outwardly vindicated. Once a Pilgrim always a Pilgrim; and the gown and scrip and sandalled shoon covered a multitude of sins.

Yes: the Sultan Greyfaunt had found his proper groove in life, and became it admirably. The groove was anointed with the most delicately scented unguent: pommade divine, at least. It was a groove beginning very high up indeed in the social scale, and you slid down it, as down that famous One Tree Hill of antiquity: *Avernus*.

After a time, Edgar left Pomeroy's Hotel. He did not complain of the costliness of its accommodation—(I think a mutton-chop costs a guinea there, and a bottle of soda-water three-and-sixpence, and I know a one-horse brougham is two pounds ten an hour); but, intending to reside permanently in London, it was, of course, idle to remain in an hotel. So Mr. Constant, whom the sultan deigned to patronise in the most benignant manner, found for his illustrious guest a handsome suite of chambers in St. James's-place; supplied him with a perfect pearl of a washwoman, who enamelled shirts, iced white waistcoats, frosted pocket-handkerchiefs, and turned cravats into snow-flakes in the most beautiful manner; and, in addition, recommended him a body-servant—a very jewel of a body-servant—a young man by the name of Hummelhausen, said to be a distant relation of the proprietor of Pomeroy's, who shaved, dressed hair, varnished boots, compounded curious restoratives on the mornings after heavy dinners, found out the addresses of people whom he had seen but once in his life, and then only on the Serpentine's banks, played on the guitar, and was worth his weight in gold generally.

Could there be a more fortunate youth than the Sultan Greyfaunt, with his health, his figure, his genius, his ready money, his pearl of a laundress, his jewel of a body-servant, and his coronet upon his card? His name was down at the P. He often dined there. His election was considered certain, owing to the influence of Sir Timotheus O'Boy, that great collector of musical instruments, who is said to have nine of Father Schmidt's organs down at his place in Devonshire, and the original anvil beaten by the Harmonious Blacksmith in his smoking-room in Curzon-street. Some of the best houses in London were open to Edgar. Some of the prettiest faces in London smiled at him from carriage windows. "Oh king! live for ever!" cries the Eastern adulator. The Sultan Greyfaunt would have been but very slightly

incensed with any adulatory person, Oriental or otherwise, who informed him that he, the sultan, was destined to live for ever.

### A LOBSTER SALAD.

THE man who is curious in crabs and lobsters should raise the ghost of DOCTOR PHILIP SACHS, member of the Silesian Society of the Curious in Nature. Such a supper of lobsters and crabs as he gave his readers in a book that he wrote just two centuries ago—it was published at Wratisslaw two hundred years ago plus one—and such pictures as he had engraved for it, in which one of the wonders is a reversal of the ordinary course of things into a lobster eating a man, instead of a man eating a lobster—such a book and such pictures ought to have made his name immortal; but they did not. Philip Sachs and his Society of Curious Men were a body of intelligent practitioners of medicine, doing in their own way, without patronage, what our Royal Society had then begun to do in London, for independent experimental research into nature, such as the Baconian philosophy had counselled. We live, nevertheless, in a day that knows not Philip Sachs, and makes a joke of such curious science as his was; although it did represent the first energy of departure from traditional faith in the ancients. Here is a book, indeed, to fall now into the hands of men who never heard of "Gammarology," and hardly know that kammaros is Greek, and kammarus or gammarus, which ever it pleases them to say, is Latin for crab and lobster! Doctor Sachs, nevertheless, was well loved and deservedly honoured in his own day by his own comrades, who would have liked, they said, to put themselves into personal communication with the new English Royal Society, if they had not been hard-working practitioners who cultivated science in the intervals of professional work, and had neither time nor influential help to speed their good will. A tremendous chorus of song from his learned friends in Germany brings Dr. Sachs's Gammarologia Curiosa, with votive verses of applause, into the reader's presence.

This pleasant experimental philosopher cites a series of fables that passed for truths, gives the authority for them, and adds with his own assent the authority of practical research against them. Such were the notions that the salamander will not burn in fire, that the hunted beaver gnawed off the part for which it was then pursued, that a bear licks her cubs into shape, that lightning cannot strike the laurel, that the lion trembles with fear at the crowing of a cock. A prince of Bavaria turned a lion into a farm-yard where several cocks crowed lustily, but the lion chased and ate both cocks and hens. Other old errors of this sort are the belief that the viper kills its mother; that a serpent's body can be burst by singing to it; that the bird *Manuediata* had no feet, and was, therefore, always flying; that goat's blood would dissolve adamant; that the chameleon lived on air; and

the story of the phoenix. But for the song of swans, Dr. Sachs found satisfactory authority, including the report of the Norwegian Olaus Wormius, confirmed upon oath, that by the seashore he had often heard a strange and most sweet murmur of whistling mixed with delightful sounds from flocks of swans; and Paulus Melissus, who was himself called the Swan of Poets (he lived, we may add, in Shakespeare's time), heard a swan singing on the Thames near London.

Now for the experimental science of crabs as it stood with this lively and liberal naturalist two hundred years ago. Animals, he said, are perfect or imperfect. The perfect have blood; the imperfect have, instead of blood, another fluid. The bloodless animals are sub-divided into insects, with distinct incisions in their bodies; the soft skinned; the crustaceous, protected with a slight crust; and the testaceous, which are covered with a hard testa or shell. Dr. Sachs's book, which recognises the whole crab tribe, is, in fact, an old natural history treatise upon the still recognised class of crustaceans. And were they not worthy of a treatise? Did not Dorian say that crabs found a man in employment, and delight, and speculation. And, as said Scaliger, you find them everywhere, in sweet and in salt water, on earth, enjoying the air, and for us made enjoyable by help of fire. Roman emperors are said to have fished with nets of gold and silken cord dyed crimson and purple. I, said the doctor, prefer my quiet and cheap hunt after different sorts of crabs, and my study of their characters and habits. I don't write my tale as Oppian did his verses, in letters of gold, and I shall not get gold for my labour, as that Oppian did; there is no Septimus Severus to give me two thousand gold pieces for two thousand lines. Then he gravely, but with a twinkle, doubtless, in his eye as he wrote, stated in his treatise that by the command of his Society of Curiosi he wrote of crabs after writing of wine in his *Ampelographia*, because crab is not wholesome unless taken with wine, and that it is good to add crab to wine is shown by Dioscorides, who tells us that river crabs cooked with the tendrils of the white vine are good against the bite of a mad dog. How pleasant and perennial is the genial naturalist spirit. Good humour, if not gold, seems to have been in all times one of the very constant rewards of a direct out-of-door study of God's handiwork.

The doctor describes the genera of crustacea, ending with an argument for the existence of underground rivers in which swim fossil (but not petrified) fishes, which, as some of the ancients found, were of unpleasant taste; occasionally even hurtful. There were even believed to be fishes living underground without water, and these notions of fossil life were applied to the study of petrifications. If other fishes, why not crabs? which in ordinary circumstances are amphibious, and can find food within the earth, in the great cellar of the universe, or living in caves underground near marshy places, at the call of hunger rise out of

the ground all in their armour like the soldiers of Cadmus.

It had been taught that there was a great subterranean flood into which, under Mount Caucasus, subterraneous rivers poured, and that through underground channels this flood sent water to the mountain-tops, whence it came forth in springs, and with the water some of its crabs. Thus all the crabs of the upper world were, some said, fresh water, until they became accustomed to the sea. But of this, says Dr. Sachs, every man is free to think as he pleases.

Nor were those wonderful crabs and shell-fish hard as marble clearly dead. Sperling had defended Martin Kerger's opinion that stones might be alive and have some power of reproduction. Borellus had found a stone sea-urchin full of little ones of the same sort; and several authorities have reported finding adamants with young. Dr. Sachs holds it unquestionable that stones are found with young, but that they ever give birth to their young is for him hard to believe. Living frogs, toads, and crabs had been found in stone, and Grembs had observed that the vital power and longevity of a toad was such that it would not petrify in petrifying waters.

Wonderful things have been found in stone; as, for example, the agate of King Pyrrhus, which showed in colour the Nine Muses dancing with Apollo. In a church at Venice there was a perfect picture of a skull in jasper, and Our Lord on the Cross, shown in veins of marble so distinctly that the wounds and blood-drops could be exactly discerned. Gaffarell said he had seen in Western Tartary men, camels, and cattle all of stone, which Ortelius thought to be living men and cattle suddenly petrified by a stupendous metamorphosis. A petrified horde, with arms and chariots all turned into stone, was said to cover a considerable region by the marsh Kitaya, between Russia and Tartary; and Cornelius Wietfietius said that in the mountains of a certain province (called Chilensis, perhaps that of the Cileni, of Tarragona in Spain), when the south wind blows, it stiffens whole troops of horsemen suddenly as into statues of stone, and they remain in the road just as they stood before the transformation. Thus it would appear that wind as well as water can have petrifying power, and there were many testimonies to the existence of a whole city that had been so petrified. The same thing, adds the doctor, happened in our time, in the year sixteen 'thirty-four, on a part of the African shore of the Mediterranean, where the whole district was petrified, men, animals, trees, household furniture, grain, and food, being all turned into stone. The event was attended with great crashings in the air and frequent earthquakes.

With all this power of turning real life into stone, it seemed hardly worth while to credit Nature, as she was credited two centuries ago, with sportive imitation of men's teeth and hands, or with the modelling of a whole torso out of marble. Dr. Sachs gives in his book a picture of a stone hand sent to him by Count Hatzfeldt

for his own museum. The figure looks very much like three fingers and part of a hand of a man dead of the gout, with unlimited chalk-stone. These sports of nature, as they were considered, were said to be designed to show that all things are contained in all, and that all things seek ultimate perfection in the figure of man, who is made after the divine image. Even the sun, moon, and stars are imaged in selenite.

Very curious, too, was the old argument on the varieties of petrifying water: Dr. Sachs, perhaps because his own name petrified in the breath of Latin as Saxum a stone, giving us a great deal more upon this favourite topic than the crusty skin of his crabs and the discovery also of petrified crabs quite warranted. Only he takes leave to observe concerning petrified crabs found in the rock on the tops of mountains, that some call them sports of nature, some say they were petrified by the rising of subterranean waters. But as crabs are only found in rock-producing places, because elsewhere they could not get material for the crust of their shells, it is no great wonder that they should, in some such places, be found converted altogether into rock. Whence he presently digresses into a discussion of the recent wonder of a stag killed by the huntsmen of Count John Philip, of Hanover, on the twenty-fifth of October, sixteen hundred and sixty-one, at his seat of Bobenhausen, in the stomach of which stag was found a stone serpent. Upon that wonder, the learned and noble F. J. Burrrhus had reported that stags had long repute for swallowing snakes as a means of longevity; that mystics also knew the little diadem before a snake's head to be produced gradually in long time by the digestion of terrestrial vapours, and that this diadem, cooked by a gentle heat with certain herbs, had power to petrify the herbs. It was this part of the snake, then, which by digestion in the warm stomach of the stag, with the herbs on which the stag had pastured, petrified the serpent's body into a theriacal stone, of which, said the learned Burrrhus, a small portion duly blended with assisting drugs would give new life and strength to the aged; and the dose of the stone of this serpent might rise to as much as five-and-twenty grains.

Upon all which, says Dr. Sachs, and as to the amount of trust to be put in it, judgment is free. The practical reserve that he blends with much unavoidable trust in the science of his time, the taste, not extinct yet, and never to be extinct, for curious and surprising speculation, and the constant desire for clear and direct testimony and experiment, make the book of this Silesian physician a very good representative of the science of Europe at its great turning-point. That point was reached when Bacon had represented in England clearly and strongly the practical end to be kept in view, and the right method of study by observation and experiment, avoiding blind reliance on traditional opinions.

Doctor Sachs, however, is a learned gossip, too full of curious reading to keep any inge-



nious speculation within five miles of his subject from being drawn into it. His next chapter is upon the plants found growing upon crabs'-shell. This suggests curious questions of the relation between plants and minerals, with mention of several authorities who vouch for trees near the gold-mines of Monomatapa, which, by sucking up the metal, produce golden branches; and there were said also to be vines in the whole tract of the river Maine producing golden leaves for the same reason. Again, Joachim Becher had testified in his Metallurgy, that he had seen in Hungary a vine planted over a vein of gold, which vine not only had its stem twisted with gold threads, but yielded, moreover, granules of fine gold in some of the grape pips. Conrad Rubeaquensis had recorded the case of a spike of barley growing out of a woman's nose. Doctor Sachs cites authority for the germination of a cherry-stone within the ear. Nearer to the case of the crabs is that of the great whales, whose backs were said to be sometimes covered, on the part commonly above water, with so much vegetation that they have been mistaken for islands.

But now, at last, the learned doctor gets to his tailed river crabs, which are more properly lobsters, and starts with a chapter on the different uses, poetical, botanical, surgical, and pathological, of the crab's name. There is a dangerous tumour, for example, named crab (cancer), because the swollen veins around it look like a crab's legs; it is also hard like a crab, and, like a lobster (for the word cancer included all the family), it holds tight where it has fixed its claw, and Paracelsus saw another analogy in the fact that the tumour is red like a boiled lobster.

Then follows the picture and description of the common Silesian river crab, or fresh-water lobster, not instantly distinguishable from a sea lobster; and this is the gammarus upon which the doctor mainly founds his Curious Gammarology.

The description is not quite so matter of fact as the scientific description of an animal now-a-days is. For example, two centuries ago it had to be told of the lobster's or crab's eyes, how Kircher held that their light was concreated with them, that they were at once eyes and candles, so that the creatures saw with their own lanterns. Various analogous wonders of this sort are cited, including the fact that the glow-worm voids light enough by his bowels to enable him to find his way of nights.

When he comes to the claws, the doctor tells a case, reported by Schenk, of a man who had lobster's claws instead of fingers; from this the wonderful store of his reading tempts him only to a very short trot round the subject of marks made upon children by the imagination of their mothers; but when he comes to what has been said of the crab's walking backwards, and quotes the French poet who had sung that the star of France must be under the crab, he has a word for the crab-like progress of the art of medicine since its heroic days, and pours the vials of his

wrath over, or washes with the lotion, or anoints with the ointment thereof, the whole multifarious race of quacks who had brought so noble an art into discredit.

Many wonderful things are then told of the generation of crabs, and next we come to the use continued long after Dr. Sachs's time of Crabs' Eyes as a medicine. Though called eyes, they were not eyes, but little lumps looking like eyes of other animals, of which two are to be found within the shell at the top of the crab's head at the season when the animal is casting the old shell and forming a new one. This suggests discussion of the occurrence of stone within various animals, and of the disease of the stone in man.

The great question why should a black lobster turn red when it is boiled, is next discussed. That involves the theories of that day as to the cause of colour, the nearest to the truth being Kenelm Digby's opinion that various colours proceed from the various mechanical arrangements of a surface that produce various methods of reflecting light. There is a long incidental list, also, of all named colours. A softening of the surface of the lobster's shell in cooking might, according to Kenelm Digby's theory, so rearrange the particles as to change the refraction. Scarmilion ascribed the change to the withdrawal of water out of the shell by effect of heat. Others said that the change was chemical and due to salt, or to action of the principle of sulphur as a source of colour, and others mixed up a vague sulphur theory with a supposed relation of sulphur to the inborn light or phosphorescence of the crab. When it was found that certain lobsters with very thick shells did not turn red at all, that was ascribed to the impediment offered by the thick shell to the sublimation of the sulphur.

To prove that lobsters and crabs are reasoning animals, it is urged that they are good patriots, for they stick to their homes; the hermit crab gets praise for being an economist; and lobsters and crabs are declared to be good astrologers, because of the attention paid by them to the phases of the moon in regulation of their lives. They are well-armed, strenuous warriors, and fight duels with each other for the ladies of their choice. Hereupon, off rides the doctor for a round of curious talk upon the wars of animals, including cock-fighting, but he gets back to his special subject in description of a fight between a lobster and a cuttle-fish, and of course he is soon in the thick of Homer's fighting crabs in the *Batracho myomachia*.

There we leave him, although we are only half way through the thick of his book, which has yet to discuss hibernation, deposit of shell, renewal of cast claws (which topic does not fail to suggest to him the renewal of men's noses by the Taliacotian operation), the mutations of crabs in accordance with the phases of the moon, their longevity; their food; how to catch crabs, how to eat them, with dissertation upon ancient luxury as regards fishes; the art of cooking lobsters and crabs as practised in the earliest



and latest times; diatetic selection of them; their disagreements with the stomach; their medicinal use; and, to wind up all, a long nosology, or list of recognised diseases, with special regard to the use or no use that may be found for lobster and crab in each of them.

## TWELVE HINTS FOR US.

### HINT THE FIRST.

THE Russians have a convenient way of sending invitations to dinner, and one which saves a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness. It is also the best and simplest mode of protection yet invented against the carelessness and mistakes of servants. The dinner giver keeps a stoutly-bound book, with a pocket on one or both sides for the notes of invitation. In this book the names of the guests, and the date upon which the invitation is sent, are written down, together with blank spaces for the signatures of the guests, or their hall-porters or servants, acknowledging receipt of the invitation. Thus:

When Sent.	Name of Guest.	Residence.	When Received.	Signature.
April 1.	Mr. Epicure.	Eaton-square.	April 1.	Received, James Calves, Footman.

Another advantage of this method is, that by a glance at the book the guest may see the names of the other persons with whom he is to dine, so that Mr. St. Bernard may not be unhappily led to a dinner-table where he is certain to meet Miss Grimalkin. This plan, also, does away with all necessity for reply in case of acceptance—a great gain for him who, with a small establishment, does not know how it muddles a household to have buttons, or butler, or Mary Jane running about with three-cornered notes just as they are wanted at home.

### HINT THE SECOND.

There are throughout the East large khans or hotels, conducted upon a principle which I have long thought might be imitated with advantage in Europe. Perhaps one such halting-place might be established with advantage in every considerable city. These khans are usually built round the four sides of a spacious well-paved court-yard ornamented with a fountain, and often pleasantly shaded with trees, which enliven and give an effect of singular grace and beauty to the spot. The rooms are entirely unfurnished, and the whole permanent staff of the establishment consists of a porter to open and close the gates, and a few guardians or messengers who live upon what they can get.

Thither merchants and travellers repair, take such rooms as they want by the day, furnishing them as they think proper, living as they please upon their own fare, with or without their own servants, and locking up their rooms and taking their keys with them when they go out. The stables are conducted on the same principle.

The traveller pays for space, but finds his own grooms and provender. Many of the rooms are shop-fronted, so that a traveller arriving with merchandise may display his wares to the passer-by, and the agreeable lounge which the place affords makes loungers as numerous as in an English arcade or bazaar. A person with a new invention, anxious to try the public taste, might here find an excellent opportunity of doing so, without being forced, as he now often is, to take a shop in an expensive neighbourhood for a term longer than perhaps he may require it. These hotels appear to me the only temporary resting-places where a traveller may feel himself really at home and live as he likes, without being exposed to the idle curiosity of servants and charges which, however comparatively reasonable they have recently grown, may be such as he is unwilling or unable to afford. A brisk young traveller might here brush his own clothes and boots, make his own tea and coffee, boil his own kettle, cook his own chop, and thus live, perhaps, for about one shilling a day, and yet present a good face and respectable address to the world. A couple of chairs, a bed, a table, a chest of drawers, and a cupboard, hired or bought from a broker, to be re-sold when done with, would be all wanted to make him decently comfortable; and the demand for such things in a neighbourhood would soon create a supply on moderate terms.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the advantages of such an establishment to a large class of persons. Small foreign traders, for instance, without connexions in England, and desirous of introducing some new article of trade to our markets. Inventors anxious to exhibit some new discovery, and try the public taste for it. Emigrants hampered with much luggage, and wishing to look about them and supply their remaining wants before starting on their long voyage. Needy officers in the army, navy, and civil service, going to and returning from their posts. Country horse-dealers bringing their cattle for sale to the metropolis; professional men wishing for an occasional place of residence away from their usual houses, where they might be consulted on fixed days, and unwilling to carry the instruments of their profession about with them. Such as dentists, oculists, and surgeons, of repute in some particular branch of their profession; country solicitors having frequent business and many papers and documents constantly necessary for reference in London; barristers on circuit, desiring more privacy than is to be found at a noisy hotel; public lecturers and entertainers, and all persons obliged to travel with a good deal of luggage, and to whom expense is an object, or privacy a necessity.

Why should there not be club-houses during the summer in the country as well as in towns?

### HINT THE THIRD.

Why should not the chief clubs in the principal cities of Europe enter into arrangements by which members of certain clubs should be

members of others in different places, so that the stranger of respectability in a foreign capital may be enabled to carry his passport into society about with him, and not be obliged to worry ambassadors and their secretaries, to whom he may be personally unknown, for introductions which it is often as delicate a matter to give as to refuse?

## HINT THE FOURTH.

Of all the expensive things in a modern English house of the ordinary class, perhaps carpets are the dearest; in case of removal they become almost useless, and have to be sacrificed at any price that can be got for them, because having been cut and measured for one room, perhaps of a peculiar shape, they are useless in any other; for if the pattern could be matched, which it often cannot, a bit of bran-new carpet sewn on to a bit not so new, would be out of harmony, and tell a story which the pride of poverty would rather were concealed. The Persian and Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better, and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets, especially those from Resht, are exquisitely beautiful. Their colours are brighter, the designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European carpets. They are made in strips usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth, to go round the sides of a room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the centre. They do not require to be nailed or fitted, and a sufficient number of them will of course carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance, too. In summer they are easily taken up, beaten, rolled and put aside by a single man-servant; and in the hot weather why should we not more generally imitate continental custom by painting or polishing our floors? Floors painted or polished look far prettier in July sunshine than any carpets, which are then mere fusty traps to catch dust, harbour insects, and retain bad smells. Everything has its use and its seasons. The use and the season of carpets are not in the summer-time. Where it is impossible to paint or to polish the floors of a house, the employment of oil-cloth will be found good economy in summer, and far cleaner. Oil-cloth, too, of charming patterns, may now be bought very cheaply, and it keeps a room delightfully cool and fresh.

## HINT THE FIFTH.

Let us go back from Persia to Russia. Nothing strikes a modern traveller so strongly as the fact that Europe, and even the whole world, is gradually becoming one great society very closely knit together. I have met people in the heart of Central Asia perfectly aware of all the recent gossip and scandal which, a generation ago, would hardly have been known beyond the best-informed society of London and Paris. The intercourse between nations becomes daily closer and more complicated.

I remember a few years ago conversing with an eminent London solicitor on the prospects of

a war between England and France. "The world," said he, "has never yet seen a misfortune which would be so widely felt. I have clients who are married to French men and French women. I have clients who hold French funds, securities, houses, lands. French contracts, wills, interests of all sorts and kinds are mixed up with ours—a war between us would be a dreadful thing."

All professional celebrities now speedily acquire a world-wide repute. The author, the man of science, the artist, the statesman, now appeal to the whole world, and everything and everybody worth knowing is known to all. Never perhaps in the history of mankind was the knowledge of foreign countries, their laws, customs, and language, so widely necessary. Never did travel form so essential a part of liberal education.

But travel, to be really useful, must begin early in life, and at a time when young men cannot be always trusted alone, while it is only the very rich who can afford the expense of travelling tutors. The Russian government has perceived this, and, I am informed, has recently appointed to Paris and Rome a functionary of remarkable utility. His employment is that of director of the studies of such young Russians as are sent to the schools and colleges of France for the completion of their education. He is there to give them advice and counsel in case of need; to see, as far as possible, that they do not get into scrapes; and to communicate with their parents and guardians, who may also refer to him whenever needful. Allowances may be paid through him; college fees and proper expenses learnt correctly and paid; youths recalled home, or placed, when wild, under proper care and superintendence. Might we not employ such functionaries with advantage in all the great capitals of Europe, and such university towns as Bonn and Heidelberg, which are frequented by young Englishmen? Or might not a special attaché with such duties be added to our embassies and large consulates? Students being required to present themselves to him when desired to do so by their parents or guardians; and he making regular half-yearly reports respecting their progress, in the style of our own public schoolmasters, that their friends might know if their time were well employed. Many a parent might be saved a sore heart by such means, many a wild young lad—now wasting his time on billiards, and wrecking his health with fiery drinks or worse—might thus be trained and fostered into an honest and useful man.

## HINT THE SIXTH.

Russia gives us as good a hint for the management of our feet as for the management of our heads, and very serviceable things much used there and little known in England, are double boots, coming up just above the ankle and outside the trousers. Being made easy, they enable a person who has walked through muddy streets to enter a house with perfectly clean feet and trousers, so that he neither soils

marble staircase nor velvet carpets. They are provided with a little brass screw behind, which looks like a spur, but serves in reality to take them off by merely pressing the foot upon it. The old Hessian boot may be so made also as to serve a similar purpose very gracefully.

## HINT THE SEVENTH.

We are apt to consider our English things better than other things, but it is a great question with me whether the Arab horse-shoe is not better than ours. It is a thin plate of iron covering the whole hoof; it is far lighter and gives more protection, though it requires to be removed oftener. The snaffle bridle, in many parts of the East and Germany, is rapidly superseding the cruel old curb. It is quite wonderful what may be done with it in skilful hands. Thus much is certain, that though by our mode of handling horses we make the best hunters and race-horses in the world, we certainly do not make such light going and pleasant hacks as the Arab and German horsemen.

Another foreign custom connected with horses we should do well to imitate, is the use of the saddle-cloth; for the want of which many a fine horse has been ruined, and become afflicted with a sore or otherwise diseased back—a not unfrequent cause of string-halt, by the way. In Persia they have very pretty saddle-cloths, sometimes merely blue, edged with gold, and sometimes beautiful patchwork of many colours. Not only do these saddle-cloths prevent the horse getting chilled when the saddle is suddenly removed, but they keep the rider's coat from being spoiled by foam and sweat. Another custom the Persians have too, is covering the saddle with black lambswool, which not only improves its appearance, but gives a much firmer seat.

Our practice of cutting horses' tails—not wholly abandoned—is a very graceless and cruel one. It is curious that what we call the racer tail is used by Eastern couriers for putting a mark on bad horses which are to be carefully avoided by their comrades on arriving at a post-house.

## HINT THE EIGHTH.

If we turn from motion to repose, we may still get a hint from abroad. Who has not suffered from the inconvenience of a badly-made bed, where the sheet rucks up, or comes off, and leaves one exposed in the middle of the night to the rasping of a blanket? A much better manner of making beds than ours is that common in the East, where the sheets are lightly tacked on to the mattress below and the quilted silk coverlid above. All that linen is saved now wasted in the tucking up, and the movements of the sleeper are free instead of being swathed and bound down as under our system. Space might be also usefully economised in a house, or a stray guest comfortably accommodated by doing away in many cases with bedsteads, and employing an air mattress simply laid upon the floor. It might be easily emptied, and stowed away in a small cupboard during the day, and one quilted silk or cotton coverlid to lie upon,

and another sufficiently wadded to cover the sleeper, both with sheets loosely tacked to them, are all the clothes required for the chilliest. In Russia, it is a common practice to have such bed-clothes stowed away in deep boxes made for them under sofas. If bedsteads, from habit or caprice, are absolutely required, the Eastern divan makes a capital sleeping-place during the night, and a handsome sofa in the daytime. Beneath it may be a deep drawer or box for a pillow and bed-clothes. Few rooms in the East are given over entirely to sleeping. The best pillow I ever used is one covered with chamois leather. Paper pillows are also good.

## HINT THE NINTH.

The readiest means of destroying bad smells, and one always at hand, is to pour a little vinegar, drop by drop, upon a red hot poker or a heated shovel. A good thing, too, is to keep some powdered charcoal somewhere about a room; it is easy to put it in a pretty vessel.

## HINT THE TENTH.

There is a capital summer drink in Russia called "kislisjee," a light frothy sparkling kind of beer, which does not get into the head. It is exquisitely grateful to the palate when iced, and may be made at home for about one halfpenny a quart.

An excellent cold soup for summer use, a delicacy almost unknown in England, may be made from the liquor in which fish has been boiled, with chopped onions and grated horse-radish, a little lemon-peel, mint, thyme, and fried parsley. A slice of cold salmon and a little cucumber will improve it vastly. It is the famous Russian "batvinia," only abused by those who have never eaten it at good tables.

## HINT THE ELEVENTH.

The best tea-urn known is the Russian semovar; but it must be prepared in the open air before it is brought to table. The very best way to extract the finest flavour from tea is to put a couple of teaspoonfuls in a little silver strainer, hold it over the teacup, and pour boiling water gently through it, without the use of teapot at all. The same tea cannot be used for two cups without losing in flavour. Milk and cream are thought to injure the taste of the finest sorts of tea, a few drops of orange or lemon-juice to improve it. The costliest of the teas used in Russia is a yellow tea, called the "flower of spring;" its price is as high as five pounds sterling for the pound weight, and the Russian pound is less than ours.

## HINT THE TWELFTH.

Among the things to be learned from foreigners is one idea peculiarly healthful and genial. It is a charity of the very noblest kind, for it is one which elevates instead of debasing its objects, and teaches the fine lesson of self-reliance instead of the miserable and heart-breaking one of dependence.

An amiable friend of mine has recently



founded an institution of singular utility, and entirely self-supporting. She has taken a shop situated in a popular thoroughfare, but having a private entrance from the back. At this shop any distressed persons may leave any article they possess for sale, from a piano to a pair of worked slippers. The article is there received and properly taken care of, a receipt in due form given to the owner, and the price asked recorded in a register. Small advances are made, without interest, on security of the deposit, and when it is sold a very small commission is charged upon the sale, just sufficient to cover expenses, and no more. No questions are asked, and nothing required save satisfactory proof that the article deposited has been properly come by, which is usually supplied by a few lines of recommendation from some person of known respectability. Thus many persons are enabled to obtain an honest price for the goods which poverty obliges them to sell, and decent pride is spared many a humiliation of the pawn-shop, and saved from the sharp practice of the dishonest broker.

#### FOX, SHACKLE, AND LEGGIT.

"If you please, Mr. Mortimer, sir," said the call-boy of the Royal Whitby Theatre, "will you come down to the stage for a moment before you finish dressing? Mr. Vallancey wants to speak a few words to the whole company, and they're all a waiting, sir, for you."

I was washing off the "war paint" after performing the onerous parts of Zanga, the Speaking Harlequin, and Marmaduke Magog.

I was rather tired and rather crossed, so I replied somewhat testily, "Oh, bother! let Mr. Vallancey wait, he makes other people wait."

Three minutes afterwards, Miss Miranda Brudenel, the manager's youngest daughter, still attired as a peasant girl of the village in which I had been beadle, knocked at the door and said, in a wheedling voice, "If you please, Mr. Mortimer, will you oblige pa by coming down for a moment as you are; for, if you please, he has something very important to announce to the company."

"Possibly an increase of salary," I thought; and, with one cheek a damask red, and one cheek quite white, I flew down stairs.

The houses had been fearfully bad. The seaboard of Yorkshire is not appreciative of the Thespian art. We had all been on half salaries for the last three weeks, and it was rumoured that the manager hadn't money enough to pay even for the cart to remove his properties to York.

Imagine, therefore, the anxiety that sat, not only on my piebald face, but on the faces of Bodgers, our first tragedian; and Mrs. Wilson, our queen, heroine, and solo singer. As for the utility man, the chambermaid, and my fellow comedian, they looked hungry, angry, and feverishly excited. Davis, the money-taker, treasurer, and prompter, alone was imperturbable.

The footlights had not been put out. Vallancey

stood dark against them, facing his expectant auditory. He bowed to me with considerable dignity when I ran on the stage, and thanked me for my extreme courtesy and promptitude.

"The governor's very full of blarney to-night," whispered my fellow comedian. "I wonder what's up; no good, I'll be bound."

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Theatre Royal Whitby," commenced Mr. Vallancey, "it is not in mortals to command success. We have fretted a good many hours upon this stage. We have lavished our intellectual resources on this, may I say, chaotic region of the far north. We have turned the full rays of Shakespeare's great solar lantern, to use a somewhat fanciful metaphor, upon this benighted region; but, alas! we have elicited a few tears, but very little money."

"Doosed little pewter, shiver me," groaned Bodgers, in a hoarse whisper.

"I will trouble the honourable gentleman on my right not at present to interrupt me. I shall not fail to touch, very soon, on financial matters. The coruscations of wit, the glitter of fancy, the luminous diction of Otway, the broad humour of Foote, the sensibility of Lee, the ingenuity of Sheridan, have alike failed to draw houses at all equal to our anticipations. The robust dignity of my friend Mr. Bodgers, the pathos and tenderness of Mrs. Wilson, the versatility and quaintness of Mr. Mortimer, the acute, practical, and commercial mind of Mr. Davis, and the industry, care, and talent of the other gentlemen and ladies I see around me, have been cast upon a barren and rocky soil. What, gentlemen and ladies, has been the result?

The same result, I must answer, that attends famine in the human subject, a want of blood, by which I figuratively allude to money; a want of vitality, by which I would hint at pecuniary debility; a want of tone, by which I would delicately allude to our want of credit among the sordid and degraded tradespeople of this town. I stand before you beaten down, but not ashamed; defeated, but not hopeless. A day will come, ladies and gentlemen, when we shall all date our great successes from the lessons taught us in these hours of adversity. It has, however, become necessary for me to leave this infamous den of ignorance and sail-cloth makers, avarice and rope-twisters, and, moreover, to leave secretly this very night. Mr. Davis, my right hand, will therefore now proceed to pay you each your half salaries for the past week, ranging from ten shillings downward, and I now beg to thank you all for your zealous and talented services, to wish you God-speed in that brilliant career open to many of you, and beg you, in a moment of success, to speak with kindness and forbearance of that unfortunate manager who now wishes you very regretfully, farewell."

Bodgers was angry; one or two of us hissed; Mrs. Wilson sat down and cried; I threatened violence, and hinted at the County Court; but Mr. Vallancey was equal to the occasion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the receipts of to-night are already removed from this theatre. To prevent any indecorous

violence being shown by any misguided members of this company, from which I now part with so much regret, I have ordered a policeman to wait at the outer door. No, ladies and gentlemen, do not let us degrade our sacred profession in the eyes of a derisive seafaring population."

We received our miserable gains with sour and mutinous faces. Bodgers swore worse than the army in Flanders, or any other country. As for myself, I was ready to sit down and cry, and think of my wife and three children, whom I had left in ancestral Pentonville buoyed up by the most extravagant hopes.

Mr. Vallancey left the stage for a moment. He returned with his hat on, and his umbrella under his arm; he held in one hand a pair of dusty trodden-down dancing pumps, thin as cheese-parings, the ribbon bows blue with mould. He advanced to Bodgers, and said in a solemn husky voice,

"My dear friend, accept these shoes; they were once worn by that immortal actor, George Frederick Cooke, in whose footsteps you are already treading. Take them, and be happy."

I was quite ashamed of Bodgers. He disdained all appearance of gratitude, and flung the immortal shoes of George Frederick Cooke far into the pit.

"I want no remembrance," he shouted, in his gross way, "of either you or any other blackguard who doesn't pay the people he employs. I shan't forget you, in a hurry, Jack Vallancey; nor, I dare say, will any one here."

Our company had broken up like an iceberg in summer. The theatre had been secretly sold by Mr. Vallancey, who, the night of his farewell speech, left for London with his wife and two daughters. Two days from that time I was the only member of the corps dramatique left in Whitby. I subsisted for a week by reciting and ventriloquising at a harmonic meeting.

One night, as I was leaving the house, a friend of mine, named Hanson, a lawyer's clerk, said to me:

"If you can write a good hand, Mortimer, and would accept it, I could get you a place as copying clerk at a lawyer's office in London. I've a cousin there. He writes to me to come up directly, as there is a vacancy at his governor's; but I can't go. I have got accustomed to Whitby, I like it, and I mean to settle here. Will you go?"

I stammered my thanks, but hinted that I had not quite money enough to carry me up.

"O, that shan't stop you," said the good little fellow. "We've been good friends; I know you'll get on, if not in one way, in another; so I'll lend you enough to take you up to town. Stay, I'll go directly and write a letter to Sam Thelluson, and he'll make it all square. Return the money, old fellow, when it is convenient. Oh, you'll do. I see it in your eye. Time and the tide wear out the roughest day.—Shakespeare, eh?"

I obtained the situation at Messrs. Fox,

Shackle, and Leggit's, No. 103a, Ely-place, Holborn, thanks, partly to my own impudence, but still more to the eulogies heaped on me by Gussy Hanson, who spoke of me as the wonder of the Whitby legal world, his proof of my talent being entirely drawn from his brilliant imagination. I had, however, been once a year in a lawyer's office at Canterbury, from which I had run away to join a troop of strolling players. I found Mr. Samuel Thelluson an excellent fellow, rather idle, but sharp, full of fun, and an intense admirer of the dramatic profession. He was about eight-and-thirty, rather short, with a face covered with hair up to his very eyes, a long red nose, and a cunning droll pinched-up face. A man, in short, whom no counsel could browbeat and no witness humbug.

The head clerk, old Hill, was a little shrunken, grey-haired man, very neat and precise in his old-fashioned dress, a fanatic at business, punctual, severe, with no thought but of business—a sort of man who, if he had had a day's holiday, would have taken home a book on Gavelkind to annotate. He always wore a frilled shirt, drab gaiters, and wide-brimmed hat. We got on very well together, although he considered me a great deal too fond of practical joking and theatricals.

The second clerk, Blakeney, Thelluson's terror, took a dislike to me the moment he saw me. He was a stout, white-faced, insolent-looking fellow, who always dressed in black, and dashed about from chambers to chambers with feverish pomposity. He was the right hand of Mr. Shackle, into whose favour he had wormed himself, and was very jealous of Thelluson, whose smallest peccadillo he delighted to expose to the firm.

The partners are easily described. Mr. Fox was a tall, thin man, cold, hard, stiff, silent, and proud. Mr. Shackle was a jolly, lively, bustling lawyer, always in court or running about with papers under his arm; while Mr. Leggit, the capitalist, was a mysterious, over-dressed man, who hardly ever came near the place but once a week or so, and then drove up to the door in a handsome barouche full of ladies, on his way to some horticultural fête. I believe he was the son of the rich founder of the firm, who had retired, and that Fox and Shackle had formerly been only clerks. He was chairman of several companies, and lived in great style somewhere down near Dorking.

A good deal of this I gathered from Sam Thelluson the first day of my engagement, as he walked with me to my own door at Pentonville. I felt rather nervous, for I dreaded the reproaches of Bessy, and I dreaded still more her disappointment when she found all my ambition gone, and the budding Kemble reduced to a mere lawyer's clerk. But she bore it very well. She cried for joy to see me, so did the children, and she told me (though, perhaps, she put all this on) that though her hopes of my success had been great, she really was glad, after all, that I had got into a steady, quiet way of life, where the salary, though low, was certain—at all events, now we could see more of

each other, and that was a comfort; and so she cheered me up, and almost made me think I had taken the wisest step in my whole life, except that of marrying her.

"That fellow Blakeney hates you like sin," said Thelluson, whispering over his desk to me the second week of my engagement; "he's been telling old Hill this morning that he thinks you have been an actor, your spirits are so very high, and he said this while Fox was passing through the office, on purpose to let the old boy hear. O, he's a snake in the grass. Will you come to-night to a harmonic meeting at the Lord Rodney? They want you to take the chair and give them a patter song."

"Not so much talking, gentlemen, if you please," said old Hill, looking up over his spectacles. "There really must not be so much talking; it so confuses me I can't distinguish the plaintiff from the defendant in the brief I am preparing, in the important case of Grinder versus Filer, and it has to go to counsel to-night?"

An hour later old Hill was called out, and Thelluson went with him. I was writing very hard, when in burst Thelluson, and began waltzing round the room with an office stool.

"Hurrah! Mortimer," he said, "I left old Hill and Blakeney fast at Westminster, waiting for a cause that can't come on for two hours. Come and give us that bit of Zanga."

"What bit?" said I, coquettishly.

"O, you know; that bit about 'souls made of fire, and children of the sun.' Give it us in the regular Doory Lane manner."

"But I've got this deed to finish."

"Hang the deed. Let it wait; can't always be slaving."

"Very well, then," said I, "if you will have it; but let's go further back. You swoon. You're Alonzo. Give me that ruler. Now, then, swoon."

Thelluson swooned, with one eye carefully open.

I began that wonderful piece of rant:

Let Europe and her pallid sons go weep,  
Let Afric and her hundred thrones rejoice;  
O, my dear countrymen, look down and see  
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror—  
I tread on haughty Spain!

To my horror, at that moment the door opened, and in walked Mr. Fox, cold, precise, and trim as ever, followed by Mr. Blakeney, malignant, and smiling at the haste and confusion with which I and Sam vaulted upon our stools, and recommenced our writing.

At that moment there came a whistle down the speaking-pipe, and then a bellow of that beast Blakeney's voice:

"Mr. Fox wants to speak to Mr. Mortimer for a moment."

"Now we're in for it," said Sam. "It's all that Blakeney, I know it is! Brazen it out."

I ran up, trembling. There sat Mr. Fox, cold as ice; repulsive as Rhadamanthus. His coat was firmly buttoned up to the throat, he

played with a gold pen that he balanced on the edge of a large pewter inkstand on one side of him, and Blakeney stood resting his hand on his chair, feverish with malice.

A large playbill lay on the desk before Mr. Fox. It was a Whitby bill, obtained by some infernal malice of Blakeney's, and bore my name in large letters as the celebrated impersonator of the Speaking Harlequin.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the man of ice, "from certain information that I have received, I am inclined to think that you have insinuated yourself into this office under a feigned character. Is this your name?"

"It is, sir."

Blakeney sputtered with pleasure.

"Are you the Mr. Mortimer alluded to in this bill?"

"No," said I, boldly—(how could I tell the truth, when I thought of my poor wife and children?)—"a cousin of mine—I believe, on the stage somewhere. Common name in Yorkshire. Know nothing of him."

Blakeney bit his lips till the blood nearly came.

"That will do, Mr. Mortimer," said the lawyer, coldly; "you can go down. But, remember, no more scenes such as those I have just had the pain of witnessing! Remember!"

"We must really have no more skylarking!" cried Blakeney, deprecatingly.

I and old Hill began to fraternise soon after this. When business was over he liked to hear me talk, and even forgave me one day when I flung the pounce-pad at Thelluson, and it accidentally skimmed his silver spectacles off.

But Fate seemed to have sworn to torment me. One day when Blakeney was giving me directions about a deed that he wanted copied, the door opened, and who should come in but old Vallancey, stouter than ever, rosy, and extravagantly dressed. The man was a hump, and yet I always liked him to a certain degree, and the sight of him recalled old times.

"Why, Mortimer," he said, "my soul's delight, companion of my fame, how is't with thee? And beshrew me, but it glads my heart to see thee!"

I gave him such a look, and replied, as coldly as I could, "that I little expected to see you; so you are come about that farm in Norfolk; as you say the title is imperfect."

Vallancey was unmistakably an actor: his large clean-shaven face, the way he wore his hat, his gestures, were all those of the actor. He took my hint.

"I have come," he said, "to refresh your managing clerk. I come to tell you that I am still hesitating, my dear friend, about the Norfolk business, but that if anything turns up—turns up, my dear boy—the affair shall be submitted to your very well-known firm. At the same time, can you spare me five minutes now on private business?"

I said I thought I could.

Vallancey waved me out with a hand covered with Bristol diamonds.



When we got into Holborn, Mr. Vallancey, still the same specious plausible man as ever, clapped me on the back, and expressed his unlimited delight at seeing me.

"My dear boy," he said, "I left you a votary of Melpomene, I find you a slave of Themis, but rejoice, exult, my son, Fortune has turned the wheel. I am now part owner of the Royal Finsbury Theatre, which will open with unprecedented attraction three weeks hence. We want you—you, Mortimer—once more to delight the world, once more to cast your coruscations of fancy upon the great suburb of a mighty imperial city—yes, sir, a city not inferior to Rome, and surpassing in riches Babylon, the mother of nations. Come, my son, home to the old congenial motley profession, and gladden the heart of Montague Vallancey, manager."

I yielded to the manager's blandishments and flattery, and asked if he could oblige me with an instant advance; but Vallancey at once assumed the voice of Hamlet's ghost, and the deprecating attitude of irritated Brutus.

"No," said he—"no, my son, that cannot be done; it can't, indeed. The pale drudge between man and man is wanted for scenery and decorations; but this day three weeks I will pour gold at your feet—yes, sir, gold."

I agreed to wait till then, and resumed my work. Thelluson envied my future fame, and secretly mourned over my intended departure.

In the mean time we plunged into theatricals, and got up an amateur performance at the Lord Rodney. I was to play Zanga, and Thelluson, to his intense delight, was to play the lover in Miss in her Teens to my Billy Fribble, the cowardly fop, a part of which I was particularly proud. At the Royal Whitby Theatre our manager had cultivated the old school of comedy and farce. Thelluson pleaded very hard for Box and Cox, but to no avail, for my party at the Lord Rodney outvoted him.

The night before I gave notice to the firm, I had planned a full-dress rehearsal at the office, after hours. It was to be at seven. Messrs. Fox, Shackle, and Blakeney always leaving punctually at six. We had got our dresses lent us for two hours, on leaving a deposit at Mr. Abraham Levi's, the owner of those fascinating articles.

We had even let old Hill into our secret, and persuaded him to stay and see our performance. He was not in the least aware that I had ever been a real actor. I anticipated some fun from the surprise of the old fellow, whose reminiscences of the stage had ceased in the time of Edmund Kean.

The night came, and we all duly left the office at the usual hour. A short time after, I and Thelluson stole back with our bundles, lit the gas, and began to dress. I looked very well in my cut-away coat, knee-breeches, cocked-hat, and long white embroidered satin waistcoat. Thelluson would have looked well in an old militia uniform, hat and feathers, and ponderous sword, but unfortunately they were all much too large for him. Just as we were dressed, in came old Hill, smiling, but rather

ashamed of having given his consent, entreating us to keep the gas low, and not to make any noise that could be heard by Messrs. Docket and Dolson, next door.

I opened the meeting by moving as a resolution that some Welsh ale be instantly sent for, together with a tin to warm it in, and materials for mulling it. The motion was seconded by Samuel Thelluson, Esq., and carried unanimously; old Hill undertaking not merely to serve as jury and audience, but to mull the ale. One thing only he protested against in the sternest way, and that was pipes; but as for prompting, he would do that if it consisted in nothing more than giving the word when anybody hesitated and forgot his part.

The fire burnt up, the ale bubbled in the tin extinguisher; old Hill beamed on us over his spectacles, and we began now to astonish him.

We took the scene in Miss in her Teens where Fribble recounts to the lady of whom he is enamoured his recent misadventures.

Thelluson, to deceive old Hill, pretended to treat me as a novice.

"Now you'll see," said he, "the more brass a man has, the sooner he breaks down in theatricals. O, it is frightful standing up before two hundred eyes, all glaring at you as if you were in the pillory. By George, sir, it paralyses me. I don't think I shall ever pull through; and doesn't your memory go all of a sudden!"

I began by dashing into my part. I minced my words, I ogled old Hill with an immense plated eye-glass, I walked in an ostentatiously imbecile way on my toes, I kept bowing and making ridiculous faces.

Old Hill laughed till he let the ale boil over.

"Excellent, excellent!" he cried.

I went on, still without speaking. I ogled, I put my hand to my heart, I whisked about my handkerchief, I sighed; at last I began:

"There was a club of us young fellows, all bachelors, who met every Wednesday to discuss the fashions and cut out patterns for the ladies; it is not generally known that the useful invention of knotting is to be attributed to the joint exertions of our little community."

"Why, he does not seem to want prompting. The ale's ready, gentlemen," said old Hill.

But my first success was quite outshone, when we had each had a glass of mulled ale, by the laurels I gathered when I went on to dilate on my misfortunes:

"Do you know, Miss Biddy, that t'other day, coming out of the club, says one of those hackney-coach fellows to me, 'Does your honour want a coach?' 'No,' says I, with all the civility imaginable. With that the insolent dog fell a laughing. 'Drat me, man,' says I, 'but I'll trounce ye.' Upon which the vulgar wretch tipped me with the lash of his whip over the nail of the little finger of my left hand, and gave me such exquisite torture that I fainted; and if you'll believe it, Miss Biddy, when I came to myself I found that the mob had picked my pocket of my mocha smelling-bottle and my housewife."

Old Hill bore up pretty well when I began sparring in a mincing way at an imaginary "hackney-coach fellow," but when I went on to express the extreme torture of the cut over the nail of my little finger, and then, after an imaginary collapse, proceeded to come to, and felt in my tail-pocket for my smelling-bottle and housewife, he fairly bent double with excessive laughter, and the tears rolled from his eyes.

All of a sudden a blundering noise in Mr. Shackle's office—the next room, which was only separated from us by a door, the upper half of which was cut away and hung with green baize—made us stop in the performance.

Thelluson put down a glass of hot spiced ale he had just raised to his lips, and turned distinctly pale. Old Hill listened, but, the ale having slightly got into his head, was defiant, and void of suspicion. "Go on, go on, Fribble," he said; "it's only the rats. I often hear them when I'm stopping here late."

We did the duel scene. I felt the old intoxication of stage triumphs come over me. I revelled in the part. As for Thelluson, he got through very fairly, but he wanted a good deal of prompting, and old Hill had never got quite the right place.

"I tell you what," whispered Thelluson, "Hill's had nearly enough."

"Let's have some more egg-hot," suggested old Hill; and we agreed, especially as he waved an empty pewter pot, and proposed to pay for everything. "But you've been an actor. Don't tell me," he said, with a smile meant to be intensely shrewd.

"If you say I have, I suppose it's no use denying it," I said.

I took Thelluson into a corner. "Now," said I, "I am going to make old Hill's hair stand on end. I mean to leap through that door, if you'll first get him into conversation while I go in and clear the chairs, and lay down the sofa-cushion to drop on. As I return, I'll whip off the baize curtain, and then I'll say, 'Houp-là!' I have been a professional harlequin, as you know, Sam, so you need not fear a failure."

Our plans succeeded perfectly. Thelluson got old Hill, who had become indistinct and dogmatic, into a confused dispute about harlequins. Old Hill insisted on it that they leaped from spring-boards and were caught on feather-beds. In the mean time I had stolen into the room, arranged everything for my leap, and twisted up the curtain. All at once I interfered angrily in the dispute.

"What do you say?" said the old man, turning his vacant eyes on me.

"Say," said I, "that any one can do a harlequin's jump; look here, it's nothing." And I buttoned my coat, put myself together, and began rolling my head in the orthodox way.

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Hill.

"He'll kill himself!" roared Thelluson.

"He's dreadful," sobbed Hill; "stop him!"

I ran, gave a spring up, passed through the door, and alighted headforemost against some

soft perpendicular substance, which yielded to me, and fell with me, with a scream, just as a roar of applause came from Thelluson.

"Thieves! thieves!" I shouted. "Help! help!" And I grappled with the substance, that proved to be a man. In rushed Sam and dragged us both out. To our surprise and horror it was Blakeney, gasping for breath. After him strode in Mr. Fox, who was stonier than ever. Old Hill dropped the can of ale over Blakeney, who lay prostrate.

"This is pretty well, gentlemen," said Mr. Fox; "very well indeed. These are nice goings on in a respectable office. Mr. Hill, I am surprised, sir, at your connivance with these scoundrels."

"Sh-coundrel," said Hill, irritated into courage. "Sh-coundrel yourself—spy—no c'nivance—jolly companionsh every one. For he's a jolly good fellow—chorus, for he's——"

"As for you, idle and abandoned reprobates," said Mr. Fox, snapping round on us, "I discharge you both this very evening. Do not let me see you cross my threshold again, and let me publicly thank you, Mr. Blakeney, for the vigilance and sagacity that has at last enabled me to discover the machinations of this low actor and his degraded companion."

"As well go in for a sheep as a lamb. I owe Fox something," said Thelluson, and commenced to square up to Mr. Fox.

But I drew him away. "You only anticipate me, Mr. Fox, by a few hours," I said. "I have already accepted a very remunerative post in a much more honest and pleasant employment."

I never exactly discovered how Blakeney contrived to hear of our private theatricals; but I found afterwards, and was glad to find, that old Hill was so useful to the firm, that, poor old fellow, he had soon gone back to Messrs. Fox, Shackle, and Leggit's, his exceptional indiscretion being forgiven.

As for Sam, he was a sharp shrewd fellow, well known in Chancery-lane, and he soon got another place. While, as for myself, I date from that memorable night the commencement of a successful life as low comedian on the London stage, under the new name of ——. But here my story ends.

#### FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

WHETHER with individuals or with nations, nothing tends so much to the continuance of friendship as a good understanding. Etiquette was invented so to discipline and set in order meetings and assemblies, whether great or small, that they may not be disorderly mobs. If etiquette were identical and uniform all the world over, social intercourse would roll on anti-friction wheels. All would go right, or nearly so. Frivolous grounds of ill will and quarrel would be greatly diminished. No one would have the right to take offence at a form or a usage which is stringent on everybody without exception. As it is, half the

hitches, pulls-up and stoppages which occur in society result from Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so's taking umbrage at proceedings on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Such-a-one, which Mr. and Mrs. Such-a-one never dreamt would give offence. They have unintentionally violated some rule of politeness, on which their neighbours insist, while *they* make light of it, or perhaps are ignorant of its existence.

Unfortunately, no universal Code of Etiquette exists. The rules vary in various countries. What is sufficient for the occasion here, is insufficient there. What is polite amongst Turks, is the reverse amongst Christians. Even on the north and the south shores of the Channel there are decided shades of difference to which it is worth while calling attention. We cannot doubt that our countrymen abroad are often accused of deficient amiability, when they are simply unaware of what is expected from them; and in order to prevent similar mistakes and misapprehensions, we will cite a few maxims of French politeness, as laid down by the French themselves. There are several treatises which discuss this important topic, some for the use of children, others for persons out of leading-strings. On the present occasion, our text book shall be "*LA POLITESSE FRANÇAISE, PAR E. MULLER*," with a few additions of our own.

With politeness, as with everything else, too much of a good thing is good for nothing. "*Est modus in rebus*," saith Horace. There is reason in the roasting of eggs. To overdo any observance is wearisome, when it is not ridiculous.

The world which is especially ruled by etiquette—the world of courts—affords plentiful examples of the absurdity of overstraining conventional rules. A king, surrounded by attendants, may yet have to wait barefoot, in consequence of the absence of the officer whose right it is to shoe royal feet. When Cardinal Richelieu was negotiating with the English ambassadors the marriage of Henrietta of France with our Charles I., the match was nearly broken off on account of two or three additional steps in advance to meet them, which the said ambassadors exacted. Richelieu got over the difficulty by taking to his bed.

Philip the Third of Spain, seriously ill, was sitting in his arm-chair before a fire on which an unnecessary quantity of wood was piled. As the heat became uncomfortably fierce, the king requested the Dons who were present to remove a few blazing brands from the hearth. But the grandee of Spain who enjoyed the sole privilege of laying a finger on the royal fire was absent, and had to be sent for. The king's arm-chair might have been drawn back. But the grand chamberlain alone possessed that prerogative; and the chamberlain was in default, as well as the stoker. Moreover, it is forbidden, under pain of death, to touch the person of Spanish royalty. Consequently, in virtue of court etiquette, and in the presence of his courtiers, the king was done so thoroughly brown that he died of the roasting the very next day.

Thank Heaven, in ordinary society things are

not carried to such extremes. Nevertheless, it is possible for politeness to be exaggerated into affectation. Thus, it is a mark of respect to yield the precedence at the threshold of a door; but to insist too long and obstinately, becomes ridiculous. A dramatic writer concludes an act of a comedy by the entrance of two old ladies who come to call at the same house. They mutually refuse to go in first with such persistence, that the drop-scene closes on them before either will assume the precedence. Ten minutes afterwards, when the drop-scene rises, the dowagers are still at their struggle of ceremony, and it is only after a debate of several seconds that one of them makes up her mind to enter.

Certain rules of court etiquette may, perhaps, appear ridiculous, and a repugnance may be felt to conforming to them. But it is wise to pluck up courage under adverse circumstances, and to do at Rome as they do at Rome. Napoleon—whom no one will accuse of being wanting in dignity himself, or of wishing his representatives to be wanting in dignity—is reported to have said to an English envoy, who had been refused an audience by the Emperor of China because he would not prostrate himself in the manner required, "*Monsieur, I should request my ambassador, if necessary, to lie a couple of hours on the flat of his stomach, but at any price to succeed in his mission.*"

The first condition of presentability in society is cleanliness. Personal neatness and mental propriety ought to march together side by side. Intellectual ability is no excuse for personal negligence. Voltaire and Cicero—a curious brace to couple—both insist on cleanliness, and both urge that it be without affectation—not carried so far as the Dutch dame's neatness, who refused to let her house be shown to Charles the Fifth, "*because*," she said, "*he won't take off his shoes.*" Uncleanliness implies low-mindedness. We say of a man, "*He has too much self-respect to commit a low action;*" the same self-respect has its outward manifestation in personal neatness. The ancients raised it to the dignity of a virtue, under the name of self-worship, as if it were revealed by a secret religious instinct. Henry the Fourth said, "*I wonder how anybody can dispense with neatness and politeness; since you can be clean with a glass of water, and polite with a lifting of the hat.*" His allowance of fluid is economical. A propos of the hat, be it stated that the French mode of saluting, gentlemen as well as ladies (except amongst the military), is not merely to touch the hat or cap, but to remove it completely from the head.

You ought to salute all persons of your acquaintance wherever you happen to meet them. It is bad taste to refrain from saluting an inferior until he has first saluted you. Not to return a salute, out of pride, is the proof of a silly and narrow mind. In out-of-the-way places, and in the country, it is customary to salute unknown persons whom you chance to meet. If you are walking with a friend, and he is sa-



luted by one of *his* friends, you also are bound to return the salute, though unacquainted with the person who makes it. Intimate friends salute by a motion of the hand; equals, by taking off the hat and raising it a little above the head. A lady salutes by a motion of the head, or by a slight bend of the knee, as if making a curtsy. When, after exchanging salutations, you enter into conversation with a superior or a lady, you ought, in France, to remain uncovered, hat in hand, until requested to replace it.

In general, when accosting acquaintances, it is best to avoid familiarity of manner, which sometimes savours of unpoliteness. An impudent fellow, one day meeting a grand personage and addressing him with "Good day, my friend! how do you do?" received for answer, "Good day, my friend, what's your name?"

It is not allowable to take the hand of persons you meet, except between equals, or by a superior to an inferior. When you take any one's hand, you may press it gently, but not shake it. It is unpolite to call any one loudly by name in the street.

If you ask your way, it must always be done with the most extreme politeness, taking off your hat, even when addressing persons of quite an inferior class. In obedience to the law "Do to others as you would be done by," the person so addressed is bound to supply the required information, if he can. In villages only, and the desert streets of towns, is it allowable to enter houses to make inquiries.

Calls or visits are one of the connecting links of society; they bring people together and keep up more intimate relations than could arise from mere business intercourse. We cannot, therefore, allow, with misanthropes, that calls are too wearisome, and that they ought to be abolished. They are useful and even necessary, when made judiciously and à propos. If you come to settle in a town, whether in an official capacity or for affairs, it is usual to make what is termed "a general call" on the persons with whom you have to do. In short, in France, the new comer is the *first* to call; he is expected to seek, instead of waiting to be sought. After a dinner, ball, or evening party, you should call on your entertainer within the week following. The first case is sometimes spoken of as a "visite de digestion."

You should knock or ring very gently—just sufficiently loud to be heard. In old times, it was considered "the thing" simply to scratch at the door of a great personage. At present, it might expose you to the risk of being mistaken for the house-dog. If the party on whom you call be not visible, you leave with the porter a visiting-card, folding one of the corners to show that you have left the card in person.

It is not permissible to keep people waiting who call upon you. It would be an impertinence to do so, without absolute necessity. If you are detained by any accident, you must charge another person to do the honours of the house, until you can appear and make proper

excuses. Any one who acted otherwise, would expose himself to mortifying lessons. A duke, belonging to one of the first families of France, called one day on a minister, who happened to be busy arranging the books in his library. The minister, unwilling to quit his task, sent a request to the duke to wait. After the lapse of an hour, the minister deigned to show himself, saying, by way of excuse, "I had quite forgotten you, Monsieur le Duc."

"Say, rather, that you forgot yourself, Monsieur le Ministre," replied the duke.

When persons who call on you take their leave, you are bound to accompany them to the door, unless you are also receiving other visitors. If you even descend one or two of the door-steps with them, the attention is still greater. Ringing for the servant to show people out, while you remain without stirring in the drawing-room, alone, is quite opposed to French politeness, and has, probably, given frequent offence to foreigners ignorant of our habits.

The master or mistress of a house should never offer a dinner sans cérémonie. A miser once invited some people to dinner, and treated them to meagre fare. At dessert he said, "You see, my friends, I am sans cérémonie."

"Oh," replied one of the hungry sufferers, "a little ceremony does no harm."

Martainville, the author of the *Pied de Mouton*, accepted a dinner of the kind, and so charmed his hosts with his conversation, that, when about to take his leave, they would not let him go until he fixed a time for coming and dining with them again. "Very well, then," he said, "since you insist, I will dine with you again immediately, if you like."

Brillat-Savarin declares that the man who receives his friends without paying personal attention to the repast prepared for them, is unworthy to have friends. You are responsible for the well-being of the persons you invite, so long as they remain under your roof.

For a gentlemen's dinner you will have hot side-dishes, venison, fillet of beef, all the courses solid and succulent, plenty of roasts. No light pastry or sweets, but patés, hams, boars' heads, and other charcuterie of celebrity. At dessert, select cheeses, brandy cherries and plums, early fruits, and a few simple sweetmeats, solely for show. A ladies' dinner is a different affair: cold side-dishes, courses of choice fish and game, plenty of delicate pastry, first-rate vegetables, Bavarian cheeses and creams perfumed à la vanille and à la rose, elaborate and elegant dessert, with bonbons varying in flavour, shape, and smell. A mixed dinner must be contrived to suit all tastes. Note well, the cheese at dessert, not between dinner and dessert. When you invite French friends, have at least two or three sorts of cheese on the table, each under a glass cover. The *Physiologie du Goût* says: "A dessert without cheese is a beauty blind of one eye." Cut the cheese offered you, lengthwise, instead of helping yourself to the pointed end.

Each napkin should be ticketed with the name of the person for whom the place is intended.

Four glasses are the indispensable escort of every knife and fork; the largest for vin ordinaire, another for choice wines, another for champagne, a fourth for the fine wines taken at dessert and with entremets. In the grandest mansions, fresh knives and forks are given with every change of plates; in second-class houses, knives and forks are changed at each course, and after fish; in many, the same knife and fork serves throughout the dinner, and are replaced by a knife only at dessert.

Before dinner, the mistress of the house should see that all arrangements are properly made. At dinner, she ought to charm everybody by her grace, attention, and friendliness. After dinner, a well-bred woman will not betray in the presence of her guests any marked easiness respecting what is left in the dishes. It is ridiculous for a host to show anxiety to save elaborate confectionery which may adorn the table. It is for the guest to plead for the sparing of those edifices, which are generally contrived to please the eye rather than the palate.

Bread, when once handed to you, may not be again cut, but only broken. The black-bottle question is speedily settled. Wine may *not* be decanted. The dirtier, the dustier, the mouldier, the more cobwebby, a bottle is when placed on the table, the better. It is the down of the peach, the bloom of the plum, the dew of the rosebud. You would no more remove it in any way, than you would brush off from the tip of a fresh-cut cucumber, the faded flower which is such a sore temptation to most beholders. I shall never forget the flashing glance of surprise directed at me by a distinguished savant, when I requested a servant to wipe a very grimey bottle! The only way of getting over the error, was a bold confession of insular ignorance. If wine be so old that its coat has begun to slip, a cradle-like basket is carried down to the cellar, the bottle gently removed to it without changing its horizontal position, brought up, uncorked, and so consumed without ever being set upright. Innkeepers refuse to accord the honours of the cradle to wine under a certain price. When a bottle is uncorked, and you are about to help your neighbour, it is polite to pour into your own glass the first few drops (which Italians would squirt out on the floor), before filling your neighbour's; and then afterwards to fill your own.

Eating is not so simple an act as the multitude imagine. Animals feed; man eats; clever men only, know how to eat. A novice in society, sitting opposite an old marquis whose manners bore the stamp of the highest refinement, exclaimed, "When shall I eat my soup like that gentleman?" You may know middle-class English from middle-class French, thus: the English sip soup from the *side* of their spoon, the French from the *end* of it, holding the utensil as if they were going to pitch it down their throat.

After eating an egg, break the shell. Never wipe a glass or a plate with your napkin, which

would be an implied suspicion of your host's cleanliness. Fish must not be touched with a knife. A fork should not be laid on its back. The master of the house generally takes L's place at the middle of the table; the mistress sits opposite. On either side of each are placed the most favoured guests. The right is the seat of honour. At very grand dinners the hosts do nothing. Both the dishes and the wine are served by male domestics, who name them when they offer them to the guests. At the conclusion of a dinner, beware of folding your napkin, as if you were at home. The finger-glass and mouth-rinsing custom (more to be honoured in the breach than the observance) is still unsettled and debatable.

In general, it is obligatory to spend the evening in the house where you have dined. In the case of your being compelled to retire earlier—and, for that, it is strictly necessary to have unavoidable circumstances to allege as the reason—you should give notice of it before the repast, and, on departing, manifest extreme regret. Except when he is begged to sing, or when he takes any refreshment, custom requires a gentleman to hold his hat in his hand throughout the *soirée*. This usage was probably invented to help awkward individuals out of the difficulty of not knowing what to do with their pendent arms.

It is only allowable in a case of the greatest intimacy to recline on a sofa or divan. In every other case you must maintain a decorous posture and attitude; that is, without the least nonchalance or free-and-easiness. A remissness which is much to be regretted, tolerates in men the crossing of their legs, even in certain ceremonious receptions. Young people will do well to abstain from a posture which is really too dragon-like, and which, thank Heaven, ladies are never allowed to assume.

It is improper, at a *soirée*, to express your own opinions too loudly and decidedly. If the apartment in which you are received has its tables and chimney-pieces laden with rare and curious objects, you must abstain, according to the French code, from touching those objects. You may scarcely permit yourself to take down a volume from a book-shelf.

During long winter evenings, it is not always possible to keep up conversation, and still less to enliven it with new and interesting topics, in which case it often degenerates into backbiting. Whist and other games afford a great resource; cards are better than calumny. Card-players should manifest neither great exultation at winning, nor ill-humour at losing. A person, whose avarice was notorious, boasted of having lost a considerable sum at cards without uttering a word of complaint. "I am not surprised at it," replied a wit. "Great sorrows are dumb."

If your partner at whist be a grand personage, in case of winning you must, in France, take care not to say "I have won," or "We have won," but "You have won, monsieur," or "Monseigneur has won." Card debts are paid within twenty-four hours.

You must not crowd too closely around people who are playing at cards. A courtier so occupied had his patience tried by a short-sighted long nosed gentleman, who constantly stooped forward to see his hand. So he took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his troublesome neighbour's nose, exclaiming, "I beg your pardon, monsieur, but I mistook your nose for my own."

In family circles, old cards may be used; but in society, new cards are indispensable. Young ladies never play at cards, and it is bad taste for a young man to remain constantly at a card-table, when the ladies in the dancing-room are in want of partners.

In the ball-room, the fashion of the "carnet," or memorandum-book, has extended from ladies to gentlemen. As soon as the ball is open, every cavalier inscribes all the ladies who deign to favour him with a quadrille, up to the very twentieth. A dancer inviting a lady will take good care not to ask for the *pleasure* of dancing with her; he will request the *honour*. When a young man offers his hand to a lady, whether to dance or to conduct her to the piano, he ought not to present it completely open. In former days the fist was offered. Great ladies, in their châteaux, used to lean on the fists of their pages. It was by the fist that the Bishop of Marseilles conducted Madame de Sévigné when she visited the sights of that city.

Dancers never remove their gloves, do not permit themselves to squeeze a partner's hand, nor to press it against them during the waltz or the galop. When the lady desires to discontinue either of those dances, the arm is immediately withdrawn. If they are dancing with a single lady, they manifest still more reserve, and offer to hold her fan or her handkerchief if either appear in her way. The quadrille over, they present the arm, conduct her to her place, and, with a very low bow, thank her for the honour she has done them.

In France, a young lady must avoid the appearance of conversing intimately with her partner. It is uncivil, it is blamable, on the part of the gentleman to endeavour to draw her into such familiar intercourse. A gentleman should avoid dancing too frequently with the same lady; it would be remarked, and considered fatuous and foppish. It is polite to dance occasionally with persons who are condemned by their want of charms to the terrible penalty of

"doing tapestry," or figuring as wall-flowers merely. They will be grateful to you for such attentions, especially if you acquit yourself with tact.

Many persons fancy themselves obliged to appear in society; and, to meet this imaginary obligation, they submit to privations which they condemn their families to share. But they are in a false position. There is no shame in confessing to a limited income; but it is criminal to display an outward appearance of wealth at the expense of home comforts: perhaps of necessities. Remember the verse,

Moi qui n'ai pas diné pour acheter des gants!  
(I went without my dinner to purchase gloves.)

This folly of wishing to appear what one is not, what a source is it of suffering and humiliation! And it is so easy to avoid all those torments.

Finally, it seems droll that misunderstandings should be possible respecting such simple meanings as "Yes" or "No." Nevertheless, "Thank you," in French, "*Je vous remercie*," means to decline politely; in English, mostly, to accept. A young lady who refuses a gentleman's offer of marriage, is said "*Le remercie*," to thank him for it. Therefore, my fair young readers, take care never to say "No" when you mean "Yes." To avoid all misconception, some persons, when conversing with English, take the precaution of saying, "Merci, oui," or "Merci, non."

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